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MY UNCLE.

If it be a miserable thing to have too much to do, or more than one can overtake, it is most assuredly a still more miserable thing to have nothing to do; and of this truth no man that ever lived, perhaps, was more sensible than my poor dear departed uncle; or at least there was no man who ought to have been more sensible of it than he, and I have reason to believe that he was.

Poor dear uncle, he was a jewel of a man—a man of ten thousand; and he would have been, as he deserved to be, a happy one, had he not been afflicted with an independency in the latter part of his life, which rendered it unnecessary for him to do any thing. I say afflicted with an independency, because it was precisely of that unhappy amount, which, though it certainly places a man beyond the reach of want, is yet a great deal too limited to allow of his employing either himself or it in any sort of active or available way—just enough to eradicate all desire of doing any thing, and not enough to admit of any indulgence in any of those enjoyments with which wealth can so agreeably supply the place of employment. My uncle was nailed down, as it were, for his natural life, to one precise and particular spot in creation, and to one precise and particular purpose in life; or, if he can be said to have moved, his motions must be likened to those of a mill-horse. They were within a limited and impassable circle, where he pursued one unvarying and eternal round. His independency, in short, hung about his neck like a mill-stone. It tied him fairly up, and made him one of the most useless beings in creation. But, in candour, I must not after all lay the whole blame of his utter inutility as a member of society on his annuity, for I always suspected that the worthy man had in reality no great talent for business, and, what is more, no great inclination for it, though he certainly affected great fondness for an active life, and really was active enough in trifles; but I observed that he liked his work to be of his own choosing; and, further, that it was only in trifling matters that he ever exerted himself.

It may be remarked of many, if not of all of those who have no serious occupation to follow, that they are amazingly fond of little domestic sort of jobs, little missions, and so forth, and that they attach a vast deal of importance to them, and go about their execution with great earnestness and indefatigable zeal. Such a man as this was my poor dear uncle; but in him it was carried farther, I think, than in any other instance which ever came under my observation. He, good soul, absolutely gloated over the prospect of a message, a mission, or a job, or a purchase, or an order for coals, or any thing or every thing, in short, that was likely to afford him a forenoon's employment, or presented itself in the shape of a "something to do;" and so precious did he hold these morsels, that he never allowed himself to indulge in the extravagance of finishing them off at a gulp. To drop metaphor, he took care never to complete what he had in hand, at one call or with one effort. He economised it, and contrived to keep himself running to and fro a whole forenoon about one job or mission, however apparently simple it might be. Thus, what a spendthrift in this sort of treasure would have gone through in an hour, he made last him, perhaps, a week. For instance, if coal was wanted for the house, none but himself must order it. It would be more than the servant's place was worth if she dared to do it; and as for his wife, she knew better than to interfere at all. The order must be given by himself, and he must go himself to the coal-yard, and he must see Mr Black himself—he would not order otherwise; and if Mr Black was not

within—an absolute windfall of good fortune this—he must call again, that is, to-morrow forenoon, for it was too good a job to be exhausted all in one day. The lad who kept the coal-merchant's counting-house, knowing my uncle well, and knowing well, also, the purpose of his visit on this occasion, used to endeavour to extract the order from him; but it would not do. My uncle was not to be done that way. He was not to be so cozened out of a good job by a jackanapes of a coal-merchant's clerk. In truth, he would as soon have parted with his hat as with the order, until he had squeezed the last drop of enjoyment out of it which it was capable of affording; and there is nothing wonderful in his being shy on this point either, when it is considered that he had been looking forward to the job for an entire week previously, with the most pleasing anticipation, and wearying his life out till coal was wanted. Nay, he complained, or, if he did not absolutely venture to complain, he at least *wondered*, in a tone very like that of complaint, that they had lasted so long. "Dear me, Betty!" he would say to the servant girl, and looking now and then into the coal-box in the kitchen, "are these coals not done yet? The last did not serve us so long by a week;" and he affected here to be highly pleased with their long duration, although in reality he was both irritated and disappointed.

In such a case as this of the coal, I may mention by the way, that, although my poor dear uncle met Mr Black on the street by accident—a circumstance which most other people would consider rather fortunate in a small way—he would not give him his order, for this also would be finishing the job prematurely, and when there was no occasion whatever for doing so; he would merely intimate to him that his stock was nearly out, and would add, "But I will look in upon you myself one of these forenoons."

At length, however, the worthy man finds Mr Black, and in the very centre of his coal-yard, too. Here, therefore, one would think, the business would have ended. The order must now be given, surely, directly and conclusively. The job is now fairly brought to a close. Not at all; my poor dear uncle thought the last coals he had, smoked a great deal, and deposited too much ashes; and this he explains to Mr Black, and he inquires if he has no other description in the yard. "Oh yes; great variety," says the civil and accommodating Mr Black; "here is Elgin, here is Halbeath, here is Wallsend," &c. &c. "Ay, just so now," would my uncle say; "why, then, I'll tell you, Mr Black, what I'll do, or rather what you'll do. You'll be so good as put me up a small sample of each in a sheet of brown paper, and I'll take them home and show them to my wife, and we'll determine on which we shall take." "Why, why, Mr Shaw," would Mr Black say, "you'll never carry such a thing as that yourself; I'll send one of my boys with the parcel." My uncle could have knocked him down for his officiousness. "By no means; I'll take them home myself." Accordingly, the coal samples are bundled up, and off would my poor uncle walk with his dirty burden, as proud of it as if he had been carrying the king's crown at a procession. For why?—it was a job after his own heart. On reaching home, the worthy man would display his dingy treasure on the kitchen dresser for inspection; a consultation would then take place with my aunt regarding the various merits and demerits of the different samples; and on these occasions it was generally determined that he should order—what? Why, the very same description of coal they had last; and, next day—observe, not the same day—my uncle would make out a new errand

and a new forenoon's employment in ordering accordingly.

I observed, too, of my uncle, that not one of the shops he dealt with was in his own neighbourhood, although every thing he could have occasion for, and of the very best kinds too, was to be had within thirty yards of his own door. His shops were all at the farthest extremities of the town. Indeed, he seemed to make it a rule never to purchase an article within the distance of a mile of his place of residence; and I firmly believe, if any man had opened a shop another half mile still farther off, he would have been sure of his patronage. Reversing the ordinary notions on this subject, distance was the greatest recommendation which his butcher, baker, or grocer, could possess; and the reasons for this part of his conduct are obvious enough. Distance made a job, otherwise of no value, something worth looking after. Two or three runs to one or other of these distant shops in a day—and he generally managed to make out this—got quit of as many hours delightfully.

Of all the jobs, however, of this kind, which came within his province—and there were very few of any kind that in his opinion did not—that of attending the butcher-market was by far the best. It was frequent, steady, regular, and constant. Groceries did pretty well, too, for he could run backwards and forwards for two or three hours with samples of this kind of tea, and that kind of sugar, and bits of different kinds of cheese from sixpence per pound upwards, to show my aunt before concluding a purchase; but then, this, though very good certainly, came comparatively but seldom; probably not oftener than once a fortnight or so, although here, too, he managed a bit, and would on no account order more than a fortnight's consumption of any thing at a time. But, after all, there was no job like butcher-marketing. It was almost daily, for one thing; and then there was such a variety, that he could go to and from the shop to the house, reporting progress to my aunt, and giving a faithful and detailed account of the different nice things on sale, for an hour or two, without seeming to be very trifling or very tedious. I ought, however, to have mentioned that the butcher's shop was an exception, in point of distance, to all the rest. It was near at hand. It was not the nearest he could have got; it was only two streets off; and the reason of making it an exception to all the others was, that the frequency of the visits compensated for want of distance.

On the first visit of my poor dear uncle to the butcher's shop of a forenoon, he of course had not made up his mind as to what he should have for dinner. This was a point which could be settled only on the spot, and in the presence of the gigots and sirloins themselves. The business of marketing here, however, was always preceded by a quiet, calm, leisurely conversation with the butcher, on the merits of black and white-faced sheep, stot-beef, and grazing, and such-like appropriate and edifying subjects. Indeed, through the assistance of the butcher, and the frequency of the intercourse he had with him, my uncle had acquired such a knowledge on these topics as would have enabled himself, had he had any inclination to have set up in this particular line, to have done so with every prospect of success. He knew every inch of the best grazing ground in Scotland, and a good deal about that of England, and could at once distinguish a wedder from what was not a wedder, and a Merino from a Shetlander. He frequently tried, by sly and far-draughting questions, to ascertain the butcher's profits; but on this score the butcher was extremely sensitive, and always drew in his feelers the moment he perceived the conversation

tending that way. He would indeed readily enough give his own particular version of the story, in a slump and general way, showing that he was losing money every day—that, in fact, he was carrying on his business merely for the benefit and accommodation of the public. My uncle, of course, didn't believe a word of this, and therefore endeavoured to bring him to show it in a satisfactory way, by going into details, and exhibiting a plain and distinct debtor and creditor account of the affair; but the butcher always shied at such an idea: so that my poor dear uncle could never arrive at a satisfactory conclusion regarding his profits, though he always asserted that he believed them to be very handsome. I may mention, by the way, that he was very much addicted to this way of pumping shopkeepers and other men in business, to ascertain what their profits were; and his inquiries on this score were, I must say, frequently deemed rather impertinent, and in more than one instance, of which I was myself cognisant, were resented accordingly. This, however, did not deter him from the practice, but only induced him to shift the ground of his operations to a less fastidious and more compliant quarter.

Well, then, when my poor dear uncle had got through the morning's conversation with the butcher, a ceremony which was never omitted, he then began to look round the shop for something for the pot or the spit; and now came the "tug of war" between him and the butcher; for my uncle, poor dear man, liked a good bargain. They sailed pleasantly enough together till this critical moment, but here they went off from each other at a tangent. Their interests were no longer the same, the one wishing to buy as cheap, the other to sell as dear, as he could. They therefore now all at once assumed something of a hostile attitude towards each other, and boldly prepared to do battle to the last farthing, and a quarrel was sure to be the consequence; for he and the butcher quarrelled regularly every day, and as regularly became friends again after the terms of purchase had been once fairly concluded. But the quarrel with the butcher, though a very good thing for putting off half an hour or so, was not by any means the best part of the marketing business. There was the choosing, and, as I said before, the various reports to my aunt, as to kinds, qualities, and prices—as thus: It would be agreed sometimes, perhaps, between my aunt and him, before he left the house, that they should have, probably, a neat small roast of beef, of six or eight pounds weight; and off my uncle would go, accordingly, to make the purchase. The matter to all appearance was settled irrevocably, and my aunt would be patiently expecting the butcher's boy with the roast, but, instead, back would come the gentleman himself, to report that Mr Fletcher had a beautiful fillet of veal, which he thought he could have reasonable; and would add, "Had we not better take that, my dear, in place of the roast?" Of course my good aunt would agree to the change, and the caterer would again set out, but now to purchase veal instead of beef. Back, however, he would come once more, to announce that he had discovered, in a corner of the shop, what had entirely escaped him before, a perfect treat, a treasure—for my uncle was a *lectle* of a gourmand—in the shape of an exquisite gigot of five-year-old black-faced wedder mutton; and now, as the subjects had become numerous, and the variety rather puzzling, it was necessary that a consultation should be gone into; although, as my poor dear uncle generally took his own way in the long-run, this might be considered as rather a superfluous ceremony; but he nevertheless always insisted on it in such cases. This consultation, however, nine times in ten, ended, as in the case of the coal, by the first-named article being finally adopted. But the great end was gained: my uncle had knocked a forenoon's employment out of it.

There was nothing on earth that my poor dear uncle hated so much as being cut out of a job by any such untoward occurrence as its being suddenly found unnecessary, or by the party happening to call, with whom any certain piece of business was to be transacted. Nothing on earth provoked him so much as these extremely inopportune visits. He could have knocked the man down who came under such circumstances, and with such felonious intent; and indeed he both looked at and spoke to such persons as if he were within an ace of doing so. I recollect one instance of this kind, where a grocer was very near losing his custom, by nipping a job in the bud, which himself had carved out, by committing a mistake in the execution of an order. My uncle had called on

the grocer alluded to, and had ordered two bars of brown soap. Well, two bars of soap came, neatly put up in brown paper, and were regularly delivered into the hands of the servant girl. As the soap was not immediately wanted, the parcel was not opened for some hours after it had been received. At the expiry of that period, however, it was opened, when, lo!—as we have it in the story of the chameleon—the soap was white!

"Oh, it doesn't signify, my dear," said my uncle to my aunt, in a kind, easy way, affecting an amiable spirit of forgiveness towards the grocer, while in fact he not only forgave him, but felt his heart fairly melting with gratitude towards him, for the delightful job he had thus unwittingly carved out for him. "It doesn't signify, my dear," he said; "I'll just step in to-morrow forenoon to good Mr Thom's, and mention to him the mistake he has committed, and desire him to send out the proper description of soap, and take this away." Here, then, was a delicious little affair for to-morrow—a perfect windfall—for it was of course wholly unlooked for. Added to the usual business of the butcher-market, it promised to bring him up comfortably to one or two o'clock in the afternoon. Well, my poor dear uncle made up the parcel of white soap again with his own hands, restoring it precisely to its original state, and waited anxiously for to-morrow forenoon.

To-morrow forenoon came, and he was in great spirits; for before the soap job offered, he had no prospect of any thing but the butcher. "Now, my dear," he said to his wife, after having dressed, and being just ready to start, "I'll just tell Mr Thom, as I said before, to send home the brown soap, and to take away the white. But no: I' faith," he added, chuckling, "I'll make the rogue pay for his blunder, by having a joke at his expense. I'll say to him, with a grave face, 'Mr Thom, do you know, a very singular and most extraordinary thing happened yesterday?' He'll say eagerly, 'What's that, Mr Shaw?' Then I'll say, still in a very grave and sedate tone, 'Why, sir, yesterday a gentleman—a particular friend of your's, and in the same line of business—sent to another gentleman, a customer of his, two bars of brown soap, and, strange to tell, they turned white by the way—white as the driven snow, upon honour!'" and here my poor uncle chuckled and laughed at his own conceit, and enjoyed, in anticipation, its effects on Mr Thom; when, lo! just as he was going out at the door, who should be in the very act of ringing the bell but one of the grocer's lads, with two bars of brown soap! The mistake had been discovered, and he had come to rectify it. The joke and the job both were knocked on the head. I cannot go on. I must leave it entirely to the reader's imagination to conjecture what were my poor uncle's feelings on the occasion—what his disappointment, his vexation, his anger. I must leave it also to the same ready fancy to picture the look he assumed, when he saw the boy and the brown soap. The latter was uncovered; and the little hard-hearted villain carried it shoulder-high, as if to increase the weight of the blow he was about to inflict.

Although I cannot venture to describe these things, I may venture on the sequel. The next time my uncle had occasion to call on Mr Thom, he told him, in a very angry tone, that he was much displeased with his carelessness in the instance of the brown soap; and added, that if his orders were not in future more carefully attended to, and more correctly executed, he would be compelled to change.

With all his foibles, however, my poor dear uncle was a most affectionate and attentive husband. He went all his wife's messages, and executed all her little commissions. Some people alleged, indeed, that it was more to please himself than to gratify her, that he did all this. But be that as it may, he certainly was most useful to her in this way. He would go for a pennyworth of shoe-tie for her, or tape, or pins, or any thing, in short. No fish were too small for his net; and he would go for these, too, to the farthest end of the town. Indeed, as I mentioned before, the farther they were distant, the better; and if the tape was found the hundredth part of an inch too narrow, he would go back again, with the greatest pleasure imaginable; nay, he would insist upon going back, and this so strenuously too, that I often suspected he committed such mistakes on purpose. Be this as it may, it is certain that they very frequently happened with him; and it is equally certain that he was never known to exhibit the slightest impatience or

displeasure on their being pointed out, and a necessity shown for their being immediately rectified. And so did my uncle go on, till the close of the unvaried and monotonous chapter of his innocent but useless life.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

Sixth Article.

NEWSPAPERS—ENGLISH PROVINCIAL.

It is somewhat curious that one of the earliest places in Britain where the art of printing was cultivated, was the (now) comparatively unimportant city of Norwich. Here the art was introduced, so far back as the year 1570, by Anthony Solen, one of the Dutch or Walloon emigrants, of whom between three and four hundred, flying from the Netherlands to avoid the religious persecution of the Duke of Alva, settled by invitation in this city in the years 1565-66. As far as our researches enable us to decide, it seems to have been here also that the first establishment of a local provincial newspaper in England took place. This was in 1706; the print was called the *Norwich Postman*, containing remarkable occurrences, foreign and domestic; and was a small quarto foolscap, for which the regular charge was, it seems, a penny—but "a halfpenny not refused." It was printed by S. Sheffield, for T. Goddard, bookseller, Norwich. The next paper in this place was the *Norwich Courant* or *Weekly Packet*, instituted in 1714, printed by one Collins, and the price three-halfpence. To the *Courant* succeeded the *Weekly Mercury* or *Protestant's Packet*, price three-halfpence, in 1721; and soon after followed the *Norwich Gazette* or *Henry Cross-grove's News*. Cross-grove was a Tory—a character which, judging from the abuse poured out against him by his Whig rivals, seems to have been as rare as unpopular amongst the brethren of the broadsheet then as now. In 1723 was published the *Norwich Journal*; and, in 1761, the *Norwich Gazette*, by John Crouse. These early Norwich papers are extremely curious, equally from the insight they afford into the manners of the times, as from their quaint style of expression and embellishment. Notice of a horse having been stolen, for instance, is illustrated with a woodcut, representing the thief riding on a horse, with the devil behind him, and the gallows in the perspective. A "Mr James Hardie acquaints his friends that he has lately had a large quantity of preserves from London;" and then adds, "I will be very glad to supply any gentleman with coals." Notice is also given, "that on Thursday or Friday next, being the 6th and 7th June 1734, a coach and horses will set out for London, and perform the same in three days;" and, in another place, we find a shopkeeper offering "kind entertainment to a journeyman chandler, who is a good workman, and has had the small-pox." Of the above-mentioned papers, and various others established about the middle of last century, the *Mercury* and the *Gazette* are the only two that have survived to the present day. From an advertisement in Cross-grove's paper in July 1734, it appears that there was a *Stamford Mercury* published at the same period.

After Norwich, York seems to have been the next earliest site of an English provincial paper; although it is proper at the same time to observe, that the latter took the precedence in the cultivation of printing itself; the first printing-press having been erected there by Hugo Goes from Antwerp, in the year 1509 (first of Henry VIII.), being only about thirty-eight years after the first introduction of the art into England. In Ames's "Typographical Antiquities" we are told that "printing, in York, was early, in respect to other places in this kingdom; which would incline one to conclude they had some *brave spirit* among them, willing to cultivate common sense." It is impossible to state precisely when the first newspaper was established in York, but there is evidence that there was one called the *York Mercury*, printed previously to 1720. In that year the *York Courant* was instituted, and having flourished up to the present day, is, we believe, one of the oldest provincial English newspapers now existing. Along with the *York Herald* (established in 1790) it maintains Whig principles; while the *Chronicle* (established in 1772) and the *Gazette* (established in 1819) advocate Tory principles; and these being the only truly political newspapers in York, the strength of the two parties seems pretty equal.

Contemporaneously with the *York Courant*, the *Leeds Mercury* was established in May 1720. This paper, which has for many years been edited and

printed by the proprietor, Mr Edward Baines, M.P., is published on Saturday, and may be described as the leading provincial English paper in the Whig interest. In 1833, Mr Baines was returned member of Parliament for Leeds, being the first instance of a professed newspaper editor aspiring successfully to that honour in England, if we except Mr Cobbett. In 1754, the *Leeds Intelligencer* was established, and continues to flourish till the present day. It is in the Tory interest, and is distinguished by the spirit and intelligence with which it is conducted. It is published every Monday. In 1819, the *Leeds Independent* was started, and continues to be published every Thursday morning. Its name bespeaks its politics.

The *Gloucester Journal* seems to be nearly coeval with the *Leeds Mercury*; at least we have evidence of its being in existence about the year 1720. It was printed and conducted by a Mr Raikes, and afterwards by his son. This was one of the provincial prints to which Mr Cave, the originator of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, regularly remitted reports of the proceedings in Parliament; and we find that, in 1726, a complaint was lodged against the publisher on that account.

Manchester claims the next place, in point of time, in the annals of English newspapers. Even so early as 1580 (in the reign of Queen Elizabeth), this place had obtained no little celebrity, by the productions of an itinerant printing-press, under the direction of one Penry, a Brownist, who gave mortal offence to the government, by a succession of attacks upon the conduct of the queen and her favourite Leicester. Under the name of "Martin Marprelate," Penry, among other satirical papers, published a most obnoxious pamphlet, entitled, "Ha' ye any more work for the Cooper?" which induced the Privy Council to issue special orders for his apprehension. After eluding the pursuit for a long time, Penry was at last traced to Newton-Lane, Manchester, seized, tried, condemned, and—executed! This summary proceeding seems to have checked effectually the spirit of news-mongering in Manchester for upwards of a century and a half; and it was not till 1730 that the first newspaper printed here, called the *Manchester Gazette*, was established by a Mr Whitworth. Its name was afterwards changed into the *Manchester Magazine*, under which title the number of 24th December 1745 gives a circumstantial account of the movements of Prince Charles's army; soon after which it appears to have ceased. The next paper was the *Mercury*, instituted in 1752; from which period till 1771, various rivals were started and given up, and it was then left for ten years in entire possession of the field. From 1781 till the present day, about a score of newspapers have been started in Manchester, most of which were soon discontinued, while their successors frequently assumed the titles of the defunct prints. With the exception, however, of the *Mercury* and the *Volunteer* (the latter established in 1804, and also issued from the *Mercury* office), all the other existing Manchester papers, of which there are eight or nine, are of comparatively recent origin.

The *Oxford Journal*, still published on Saturday, appears to have been begun about the year 1740. This paper was established and long conducted by a Mr William Jackson; and it attracted much attention during Mr Pelham's administration, by the violent political controversies between men of all ranks ("from the monarch to the peasant," says a biographer of Jackson) of which it was the organ.

In the year of the rebellion 1745, a newspaper was established at Preston, in Lancashire, entitled the *British Courant or Preston Journal*, which was subsequently discontinued; and no attempt of the same nature was made until the late Mr Thomas Walker established the *Preston Review* in 1793, which also soon ceased to exist. Two or three modern papers are now published at Preston.

The oldest newspaper established in Liverpool, and which still exists, is *Billinge's Liverpool Advertiser*, originally started in 1756, by a Mr Robert Williamson. Nine years afterwards (i.e. 1765), Mr John Gore commenced *Gore's Liverpool Advertiser*, which still continues to be published by his descendants. Liverpool now supports eight newspapers, three of which are published on Monday, and one on each other day of the week, Sunday excepted. They are all understood to be more or less lucrative—some of them, indeed, are well known to be highly so—as well from the immense quantity of advertisements inserted in them as from their wide circulation; both resulting, no doubt, from the commercial importance of the town and surrounding district. Two-thirds of them are advocates of "liberal" principles. The *Courier*, an ably conducted paper, is the main champion of the Tory interest. An attempt was made a few years ago to establish a daily paper in Liverpool; but after a short trial, it was found that such an organ of news was not called for, and it was therefore given up.

We have thus shortly noticed a few of the earlier and more note-worthy of the English provincial newspapers; to attempt any thing like an enumeration and analytical description of the various prints now in existence, would be a work far too extensive for a publication like ours. From the almost daily changes occurring, indeed, the institution of new or relinquishment of established journals, we might say that to give any thing like a strictly correct list, would be impossible; as we have had the more occasion to know, since our late attempt to give a similar list of the Scottish provincial papers, in which, notwith-

standing our anxious endeavours to attain correctness, by reference to the stamp-office returns, and the lists of the most respectable newspaper-agents in Edinburgh, we were, nevertheless, chargeable with a few omissions and misstatements, productive of effects upon the feelings of individuals the very reverse of what we are anxious to excite.

Our investigations into the origin and progress of English newspapers have shown us how much their increase has been influenced by the occurrence of great public events. The civil wars of the seventeenth century, as we have seen, gave the first great stimulus to this species of publication. The era of the revolution was the next powerful cause of their increase and improvement; and the subsequent efforts of the restless and unfortunate Jacobites, terminating with the battle of Culloden, served to foster more and more the taste of the public for newspaper reading. But it was during the last quarter of the eighteenth century that the most important and permanent impetus was given to the newspaper press. The advocates of the novel political doctrines which began to be agitated from the very outbreak of the American war, and which were almost brought to a climax by the subsequent occurrences in France, naturally availed themselves of this mode of disseminating their opinions, and making proselytes to their cause.

There are now between 150 and 160 provincial newspapers published in England; and there are several remarkable facts that strike us in reference to them. The first of these is, that, with one exception (the *Kentish Gazette*, issued on Tuesday and Friday), not one of them is published oftener than once a-week. When it is considered that in Scotland there are four three-times-a-week papers, and nine or ten twice-a-week—and these, too, printed in places which (exclusive of Edinburgh, where six of them appear) cannot, on an average, stand a comparison, as regards either population, wealth, or commercial activity, with the same number of provincial towns of England—the circumstance appears not a little curious. Mr M'Laren, the able and extensively-informed editor of the *Scotsman*, in a letter addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1829, upon the injurious tendency of what are called the "taxes on knowledge," attributes this want of daily provincial papers in England entirely to the oppressive operation of these imposts. But it appears to us that there are other preventives; and we would assign as one, the extreme rapidity with which the London newspapers, the source from which all the provincials draw the greatest portion of their more important and interesting matter, are now conveyed to all quarters of the country—people naturally preferring going to the fountain-head for their information where that is attainable. This, at least, was confessedly the cause of failure in the attempted establishment of a daily paper at Liverpool; and we are further borne out in our supposition by the state of the press in Dublin. It cannot, we think, be solely owing to the comparative smallness of the stamp duty in Ireland, that the capital of that country, with a population little larger than Liverpool, supports four or five daily prints. Something must also be owing to the comparative distance from London, which renders the metropolitan papers later in arriving, as well as to the circumstance that Ireland furnishes abundance of news for itself, in addition to what is derived from the main seat of government.

The getting up of a provincial paper, as compared with a London one, is attended at once with its advantages and disadvantages. Among the latter are these:—In London, an individual wishing to start a newspaper can find many matter printers ready to make an arrangement with him for what length of time he pleases as an experiment, and can obtain, on the same terms, every sort of literary assistance and convenience for publishing; so that he can go on with, or leave off at any time, his project, according as it is found to succeed or otherwise, with little risk of serious loss. But in provincial towns, a newspaper speculator has at once to lay out a considerable sum in the purchase of materials, no other printing establishment possessing these for hire. Add to this, that he must make his literary engagements for a twelve-month at least—that is, if he wishes to have respectable and efficient assistance—that he must establish agents in every part of his district, and encounter various other heavy incidental expenses to which the London speculator is not exposed. All these, added to the difficulty, and at all events delay, in forcing his paper into notice and favour, obtaining advertisements, &c., render it astonishing that so many individuals are found to risk their capital in this way.

One of the advantages, again, which the provincial has over the metropolitan speculator, is the comparative cheapness, after the materials are provided, with which his paper is got up. In the first place, the London proprietor is subjected to a system of combination among the compositors, with which it has been found as yet perfectly vain to contend (to be afterwards noticed more particularly in an article on the London press), and by which he is compelled not only to pay them what wages they choose to demand, but is prohibited from taking more apprentices than they are pleased to permit. While he, therefore, is paying his compositors from L.2, 3s. 6d. (the minimum with daily papers) to L.2, 15s. a-week, the country proprietor can obtain as good workmen at L.1, 5s. or little more, with the privilege of having as many apprentices as he pleases, at from 2s. to 9s. (according to the length

of time they have served). In short, the mechanical department of a country weekly newspaper will not cost more than half of that of a London weekly paper. Besides this, unless for two or three days in the week, the provincial press is employed in what is called *jobbing*—that is, in printing handbills, pamphlets, circulars, funeral-letters, &c.; and this forms a very lucrative branch of business, much more so often than the newspaper itself. The salaries of country editors are also at a far lower rate than those of their brethren in the capital, few of them having more than L.100 to L.150, while the metropolitan editors have from L.400 to L.1000.

The English provincial papers are, generally speaking, far more lucrative concerns than those in Scotland. This arises from the greater quantity of advertisements, consequent on the greater population and commercial activity of the towns where they are published. Their circulation bears no proportion to their advertising, six or seven hundred being perhaps the average—about the same as that of the Scottish papers. Some of them—such as the *Leeds Mercury*, *Liverpool Mercury*, &c., and perhaps a dozen more—are supposed to yield their proprietors from L.2000 to L.3000 profit annually.

Nothing is more demonstrative of the great "march of intellect" which has taken place in the existing generation, than the improvement in the provincial papers of Great Britain within the last twenty or thirty years. Previously, there were scarcely any of them that contained an original piece of writing beyond local paragraphs, the leaders (when they contained any) being either barefaced plagiarisms, or else supplied at a certain rate by London correspondents. At present, the editors of country papers are almost all men of no ordinary talent, possessed of extensive information and general reading, and capable of taking a part in whatever discussions may arise in the great parliament of human intellect.

It is not a little strange that a great proportion of the English newspapers are conducted by Scotchmen.

KATE CONNOR.

"Trust me, your lordship's opinion is unfounded," said the Lady Helen Graves; and as the noble girl uttered the words, her eye brightened, and her cheek flushed with greater feeling than high-born fashionables generally deem necessary.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the earl, looking up at the animated features of his god-daughter, "and how comes my pretty Helen to know aught of the matter?—methinks she has learned more than the mysteries of harp and lute, or the soft tones of the Italian and Spanish tongues: come," he continued, "sit down on this soft ottoman, and prove the negative to my assertion, that the Irish act only from impulse, not from principle."

"How long can an impulse last?" inquired the lady, who, like a good girl, did as she was bid (which women, by the way, seldom do, unless they have a point to carry), and seated herself at her godfather's feet, in the very spot he wished, playfully resting her rosy cheek on his hand, as she inquired, "Tell me how long an impulse can last?"

"It is only a momentary feeling, my love, although acting upon it may embitter a long life."

"But an impulse cannot last for a month, can it? Then I am quite safe. And now your lordship must listen to a true tale, and must suffer me to tell it in my own way, *brogue* and all; and, moreover, must have patience. It is about a peasant maiden whom I dearly love—ay, and respect too; and whenever I see my sweet Kate Connor, I bless God that an aristocracy of virtue (if I dare use the phrase) may be found in an Irish cabin."

"It was on one of the most chill of all November days, the streets and houses filled with fog, and the few stragglers in the square, in their dark clothes, looking like dirty demons in a smoky pantomime, that papa and myself, at that *outré* season, when every body is out of town, arrived here from Brighton; he had been summoned on business, and I preferred accompanying him, to remaining on the coast alone. 'Not at home to any one,' was the order issued when we sat down to dinner. The cloth had been removed, and papa was occupying himself in looking over some papers. From his occasional frown, I fancied they were not of the most agreeable nature. At last I went to my harp, and played one of the airs of my country, of which I knew he was particularly fond. He soon left his seat, and kissing my forehead with much tenderness, said, 'That strain is too melancholy for me just now, Helen, for I have received no very pleasant news from my Irish agent.' I expressed my sincere sorrow at the circumstance, and ventured to make some inquiries as to the intelligence that had arrived. 'I cannot understand it,' he said. 'When we resided there, it was only from the papers that I heard of the dreadful murders, horrible offences, and malicious burnings. All around us was peace and tranquillity; my rents were as punctually paid as in England; for in both countries a tenant, yes, and a good tenant too, may be sometimes in arrear. I made allowance for the national character of the people; and while I admired the contented and happy faces that smiled as joyously over potatoes and milk as if the board had been covered with a feast of venison, I endeavoured to make them *desire* more, and then sought to attach them to me by supplying their new wants.'

'And, dear sir, you succeeded,' I said. 'Never were hearts more grateful—never were tears more sincere, than when we left them to the care of that disagreeable, ill-looking agent.'

'Hold, Lady Mal-a-perit,' interrupted my father sternly; 'I selected Mr O'Brien: you can know nothing as to his qualifications. I believe him to be an upright, but, I fear me, a stern man; and I apprehend he has been made the tool of a party.'

'Dear papa, I wish you would again visit the old castle. A winter amongst my native mountains would afford me more pure gratification than the most successful season in London.' My father smiled and shook his head. 'The rents are now so difficult to collect, that I fear —' He paused, and then added abruptly, 'It is very extraordinary, often as I mention it to O'Brien, that I can receive no information as to the Connors. You have written frequently to your poor nurse, and she must have received the letters; I sent them over with my own, and they have been acknowledged!' He had scarcely finished this sentence, when we heard the porter loud in remonstrance with a female who endeavoured to force her way through the hall. I half opened the library door, where we were sitting, to ascertain the cause of the interruption.

'Ah then, sure, ye wouldn't have the heart to turn a poor crathur from the doore, that's come sich a way jist to spake tln words to his lordship's glory. And don't tell me that my Lady Hilin wouldn't see me, and she to the fore.' It was enough; I knew the voice of my nurse's daughter, and would, I do think, have kissed her with all my heart; but she fell on her knees, and clasping my hand firmly between hers, exclaimed, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, and sobs almost choked her utterance, 'Holy Mary! thank God!—tis herself sure!—though so beautiful—and no ways proud!—and I will have justice!'

And then, in a subdued voice, she added, 'Praise to the Lord!—his care niver left me; and I could die content this minute, only for you, mother dear!—yourself only—and—' Our powdered knaves, I perceived, smiled and sneered when they saw Kate Connor seated that evening by my side, and my father (heaven bless him for it!) opposite to us in his great arm-chair, listening to the story that Kate had to unfold.

'Whin yeess left us, we all said the winter was come in earnest, and that the summer was gone for ever. Well, my lord, we struv to please the agint; why not?—sure he was the master ye set over us!—but it doesn't become the likes o' me, nor wouldn't be manners, to turn my tongue agin him, and he made as good as a jintleman, to be sure, by yer lordship's notice—which the whole country knew he was not afore, either by birth or breeding. Well, my lady, sure if ye put a sod o' turf—saving yer presence—in a gould dish, it's only a turf still—and he must ha' been ould Nick's born child (Lord save us!) when yer honour's smile couldn't brighten him—and it's the truth I'm telling, and no lie. First of all, the allowance to my mother was stopped for the damage the pig did to the new hedges; and thin we were forced to give our best fowl as a compliment to Mr O'Brien, because the goat (and the crathur without a tooth!) they said skinned the trees. Thin the priest (yer lordship minds, Father Lavery) and the agint quarrelled; and so, out o' spite, he set up a school, and would make all the childer go to larn there. And thin the priest hindered, and to be sure we stud by the church; and so there was nothin' but fighting; and the boys gave over work, seeing that the tip-tops didn't care how things went, only abusing each other. But it isn't that I should be bothering yer kind honours wid. My brother, near two years ago, picked up wid the hoth of bad company—God knows how—and got above us all, so grand-like, wearing a new coat, and a watch, and a jewel ring! So whin he got the time o' day in his pocket, he wouldn't look at the same side of the way we went. Well, lady dear, this struck to my mother's heart. Yet it was only the beginning of trouble; he was found in the dead of night (continued poor Kate, her voice trembling)—but ye heard it all; 'twas in the papers; and he was sent beyant seas. Och! many's the night we have spint crying to think of that shame! or on our bare bended knees, praying that God might turn his heart. Well, my lady, upon that Mr O'Brien made no more ado, but said we were a seditious family, and that he had your lordship's warrant to turn us out; and that the cabin—the nate little cabin ye gave to my mother—was to go to the gauger.'

'He did not dare say that!' interrupted my father proudly; 'he did not dare to use my name to a falsehood.'

'The word—the very word I spoke,' exclaimed Kate. 'Mother,' says I, 'his lordship would niver take back, for the sin of the son, what he gave to the mother. Sure it was hard upon her grey hairs to see her own boy brought to shame, without being turned out of her little place whin the snow was on the ground—in the cold night, whin no one was stirring to say "God save ye." I remember it well. He would not suffer us to take so much as a blanket, because the bits o' things were to be canted the next morning to pay the rint of a field which my brother took, but never worked. My poor mother cried like a baby; and hap-ping the ould grey cat, that your ladyship gave her for a token when it was a small kit, in her apron, we set off as well as we could, for Mrs Cassidy's farm. It was more than two miles from us, and the snow

drifted—and, och! but sorrow wakens a body; and my mother foundered like, and couldn't walk; so I covered her over, to wait till she rested a bit; and sure your token, my lady, kept her warm, for the baste had the sinse a'most of a Christian. Well, I was praying for God to direct us for the best (but, may be, I'm tiring your honours), whin, as if from heaven, up drives Barney, and —'

'Who is Barney, Kate?'

'I wish, my dear lord, you could have seen Kate Connor when I asked that question; the way-worn girl looked absolutely beautiful. I must tell you that she had exchanged, by my desire, her tattered gown and travel-stained habiliments for a smart dress of my waiting-maid's, which, if it were not correctly put on, looked to my taste all the better. Her face was pale, but her fine dark intelligent eyes gave it much and varied expression; her beautiful hair—even Lafont's trim cap could not keep it within proper bounds—ac-tuated, probably, by former bad habits, came straying (or, as she would call it, *streeting*) down her neck, and her mobile mouth was garnished with teeth which many a duchess would envy. She was sitting on a low seat, her crossed hands resting on her knees, and was going through her narrative in as straightforward a manner as could be expected; but my unfortunate question as to the identity of Barney put her out; face, forehead, neck, were crimsoned in an instant; papa turned away his head to smile, and I blushed from pure sympathy.'

'Barney—is Barney—Cassidy—my lady,' she replied at length, rolling up Lafont's flounce in lieu of her apron, 'and a great true friend of—of—my mother's —'

'And of yours also, I suspect, Kate,' said my father.

'We were neighbours' childer, please your honour-able lordship—and only natural, if we had a—a friendly —'

'Love for each other,' said my lordly papa, for once condescending to banter.

'It would be far from the likes o' me to contradict yer honour,' she stammered forth at length.

'Go on with your story,' said I gravely.

'I'm thinking, my lord and my lady, I left off in the snow—O no, he was come up with the car. Well, to be sure, he took us to his mother's house; and, och! my lady, but it's in the walls o' the poor cabins ye find hearts!—not that I'm down-running the gintry, who, to be sure, knows better manners—but it's a great blessing to the traveller to have a warm fire and dry lodging, and share of whatever's going, and *ciad mile faillte* with it! Well, to be sure, they never looked to our property—and Barney thought to persuade me to make my mother his mother, and never heeded the disgrace that had come to the family; and knowing his heart was set upon me, his mother did the same—and my own mother too, the crathur! wanted me settled. Well, they all cried, and wished it done off at once!—and it was a sore trial that. "Barney," says I, "let go my hand—should yer whisht, all o' ye, for the blessed Virgin's sake, and don't be mad entirely!"—and I seemed to gain strength, though my heart was bursting.'

'Look,' says I, 'bitter wrong has he done us, but no matter. I know our honourable landlord had neither act nor part in it—how could he?—and my mind misgives that my lady has often written to you, mother, for it isn't in her to forget ould friends. But I'll tell ye what I'll do: There's nobody we know, barring his riverence and the schoolmaster, could tell the rights of it to his honour's glory upon paper: his riverence wouldn't meddle nor make in it, and the schoolmaster's a friend of the agent's. So ye see, dears, I'll jist go fair and say off to London myself, an' see his lordship, and make him *sinisble*; and before I could say my say, they all—all but Barney—set up sich a scornful laugh at me, as never was heard. "She's mad," says one—"she's a fool," says another—"where's the money to pay your expences?" says a third—"and how could ye find yer way that doesn't know a step o' the road, even to Dublin?" says a fourth. Well, I waited till they were all done, and then took the thing quietly. "I don't think," says I, 'there's either madness or folly in trying to get one's own again. As to the money, it's but little of that I want, for I've the use of my limbs, and can walk; and it'll go hard if one of yeess wont lend me a pound, or may be thirty shillings; and no one shall ever lose by Kate Connor, to the value of a brass farthing. And as to not knowing the road, sure I've a tongue in my head; and if I hadn't, the great God, that taches the innocent swallows their way over the salt seas, will do as much for a poor girl who puts all her trust in him.' "My heart's agin it," said Barney; "but she's in the right"—and thin he wanted to persuade me to go before the priest with him. "But no," says I, "I'll never do that till I find justice. I'll never bring both shame and poverty to an honest boy's hearth-stone." I'll not be tiring yer honours any longer wid the sorrow, and all that, whin I left them; they'd have forc'd me to take more than the thirty shillings—God knows how they raised that same, but I thought it enough; and by the time I reached Dublin there was eight of it gone—small way the rest lasted; and I was ill three days, from the sea, in Liverpool. Oh, when I got a good piece of the way, when my bits o' rags were all soiled, my feet bare and bleeding, and the doors of the sweet white cottages shut against me, and I was tould to "go to my parish," thin—thin

I felt that I was in the land of the could-hearted stranger. Och! the English are a fine honest people, but no ways tunder. Well, my lord, the hardest temptation I had of all—(and here Lady Helen looked up into her godfather's face with a supplicating eye, and pressed her small white hand affectionately upon his arm, as if to rivet his most earnest attention)—was whin I was sitting crying by the road-side, for I was tired and hungry; and who of all the birds in the air drives up in a sort of cart, but Mister O'Hay, the great pig merchant, from a mile beyant our place! Well, to be sure, it was he wasn't surprised when he seen me. "Come back with me, Kate, honey!" says he; "I'm going straight home, and I'll free your journey. Whin ye return, I'll let the boy, ye know, have a nate little cabin I've got to let, for (he was pleased to say) you deserve it;" but I thought I'd persevere to the end. So (bless him for it!) he had only ten shillings, seeing he was to receive the money for the pigs he had sold at the next town; but what he had he gave me, that brought me the rest of the journey; and if I hadn't much comfort by the way, sure I had hope; and that's God's own blessing to the sorrowful. And now here I am, asking justice in the name of the widow and the orphan, that have been wronged by that black-hearted man; and sure as there's light in heaven, in his garden the nettle and hemlock will soon grow in place of the sweet roses; and whin he lies on his deathbed, the just and —' My father here interrupted, and in a calm firm voice reminded her, that before him she must not indulge in invective. 'I humbly ask your honour's pardon,' said the poor girl; 'I lave it all now jist to God and yer honour, and shame upon me that forget to pour upon you, my lady, the blessings the ould mother of me sint ye—"full and plinty may ye ever know," said she from her heart, the crathur!—"may the sun never be too hot or the snow too cold for ye—may ye live in honour and die in happiness—and, in the ind, may heaven be yer bed!"'

"And now, my dear lord," continued the Lady Helen, "tell me, if a fair English maiden, with soft blue eyes, and delicate accent, had thus suffered—if, driven from a beloved home, with a helpless parent, she had refused the hand of the man she loved, because she would not bring poverty to his dwelling—if she had undertaken a journey to a foreign land, suffered scorn and starvation, been tempted to return, but until her object was accomplished, until justice was done to her parent, resisted that temptation, would you say she acted from impulse or from principle?"

"I say," replied the old gentleman, answering his god-daughter's winning smile, "that you are a saucy gipsy, to catch me in this way. Fine times, indeed, when a pretty lass of eighteen talks down a man of sixty! But tell me the result."

"Instead of returning to Brighton, my father, without apprising our worthy agent, in three days arranged for our visiting dear Ireland! Only think how delightful, so romantic, and so useful too—Kate—you cannot imagine how lovely she looked—she quite eclipsed Lafont! Then her exclamations of delight were so new, so curious—nothing so original to be met with even at the soirées of the literati. There you may watch for a month without hearing a single thing worth remembering; but Kate's remarks were so shrewd, so mixed with observation and simplicity, that every idea was worth noting. I was so pleased with the prospect of the meeting, the discomfiture of the agent, the joy of the lovers, and the wedding, (all stories that end properly, end in that way, you know), that I did not even request to spend a day at Bath. We hired a carriage in Dublin, and just on the verge of papa's estate saw Mr O'Brien—his hands in his pockets—his fuzzy red hair sticking out all around his dandy hat like a burning furze-bush—and his vulgar ugly face as dirty as if it had not been washed for a month. He was lording it over some half-naked creatures who were breaking stones, but who, despite of his presence, ceased working as the carriage approached. 'There's himself,' muttered Kate. We stopped; and I shall never forget the appalled look of O'Brien when my father put his head out of the window. Cruikshank should have seen it. He could not utter a single sentence. Many of the poor men also recognised us; and as we nodded and spoke to some we recognised amongst them, they shouted so loud for fair joy, that the horses galloped on—not before, however, the triumphant Katherine, almost throwing herself out, exclaimed, 'And I'm here, Mr O'Brien, in the same coach wid my lord and lady; and now we'll have justice;' at which my father was very angry, and I was equally delighted. It was worth a king's ransom to see the happiness of the united families of the Connors and the Cassidy—the grey cat, even, purred with satisfaction. Then such a wedding! Only fancy, dear my lord, my being bridesmaid! dancing an Irish jig on an earthen floor! Ye exquisites and exclusives! how would ye receive the Lady Helen Graves if this were known at Almack's? From what my father saw and heard, when he used his own eyes and ears for the purpose, he resolved to reside six months out of the twelve at Castle Graves. You can scarcely imagine how well we got on; the people were sometimes a little obstinate, in the matter of smoke, and now and then an odd dunghill too near the door; and as they love liberty themselves, so they do not much like to confine their pigs. But these are only trifles. I have my own school, on my own plan, which I will

explain to you another time, and now will only tell you that it is visited by both clergyman and priest; and I only wish that all our *absentees* would follow our example; and then, my dear god-papa, THE IRISH WOULD HAVE GOOD IMPULSES, AND ACT UPON RIGHT PRINCIPLES."

INFLUENCE OF COLOUR ON ODOURS.

My attention (says Dr Stark, in the *Philosophical Transactions*) was first directed to the subject of odours, as connected with colour, during my attendance at the anatomical rooms in the winter session of 1830-31. During the earlier part of that winter I generally wore a light olive-coloured dress; but happening one day to attend the rooms in black clothes, I was not a little struck by the almost intolerable smell they had acquired. The smell was so very strong as to be remarked even by the family at home, and it was recognised on the same piece of dress for several days. No odour to the same extent had been remarked in the lighter-coloured clothes. The fetid smell which they more or less acquired in the atmosphere of the rooms was comparatively trifling, and slight exposure to the air alone was necessary to deprive them of the odour which they had thus contracted.

This circumstance led me to begin a series of experiments, to ascertain, if possible, why different clothes of nearly the same texture, but not of the same colour, should attract odours in proportions so very different. The result was, as I had ventured to conjecture, that the colour of bodies, independent of the nature of the substance, modifies in a striking manner the capability of surfaces for imbibing and giving out odours.

I enclosed six different coloured wools, an equal weight of each, viz. black, blue, green, red, yellow, and white, with *assaftida*. They were ranged circularly round the odorous body, without touching it or one another, and were then covered over and excluded from the light. At the end of twenty-four hours they were examined. The black was found to have much the strongest smell of *assaftida*; the blue the next; after that the red, and then the green; the yellow had but little smell, and the white scarcely any.

A similar experiment, using camphor instead of *assaftida*, afforded precisely the same results.

Various coloured cottons were treated in the same manner. In all these the smell was invariably found to be of corresponding intensity, according to the colour, as in the wools.

Silks of different colours gave the same results.

It is proper to mention, that in most of these experiments I did not trust to my own olfactory organs alone. All the members of the family, and several of my friends, have lent their aid to distinguish between the different intensities of the odour which each substance had attracted; and though only a few experiments are here detailed, similar ones have been many times performed, with various other odorous substances. The whole of these in their general results seemed to establish the fact, that the colour of substances exerted a peculiar influence over the absorption of odours.—*Query*. May not the sickly disagreeable effluvia which is known to proceed from the skins of the negroes be in some way connected with this theory?

In all these experiments, however, reliance had to be placed upon one sense alone, viz. that of smell, as none of the substances employed had gained any appreciable weight. I was therefore desirous, that, if possible, at least one experiment should be devised, which would show, by the evidence of actual increase of weight, that one colour invariably attracted more of an odorous substance than another; and upon considering the various odorous substances which could be easily volatilised without change, and whose odour was inseparable from the substance, I fixed upon camphor as the one best suited to my purpose. In an experiment of this nature it was necessary that the camphor should be volatilised, or converted into vapour, and that the coloured substances should be so placed as to come into contact with the camphor while in that state. It was therefore of the first importance to prevent currents of air within the vessel in which the experiment was conducted; and with this view I used a funnel-shaped vessel of tin plate, open at the top and bottom. This rested on a plate of sheet iron, in the centre of which the camphor to be volatilised was placed. The coloured substances, after being accurately weighed, were supported on a bent wire, and introduced through the upper aperture. This was then covered over with a plate of glass. Heat was now applied gently to volatilise the camphor; and when the heat was withdrawn, and the apparatus cool, the coloured substances were again accurately weighed, and the difference in weight noted down.

Proceeding on this plan, I arrived at the most satisfactory and conclusive results. The deposition of the camphor in various proportions on the coloured substances submitted to experiment, offered evidence of the particular attraction of colours for odours, resting on ocular demonstration; and when to this is added the evidence arising from a positive increase of weight,

as ascertained by the balance, the conclusions previously drawn from the sense of smell are confirmed in a singular and very satisfactory manner.

Dr Stark proceeds to show, as the result of successive experiments, that "animal substances have a greater attraction for odours than vegetable matters, and that all these have their power much increased by their greater darkness or intensity of colour!"—also, "that the whole of the substances lose their sensible odour in nearly the same time, though the odorous particles given out by the black were of course much greater in quantity than in the others." He then connects the result of his investigations with the subject of preventives to contagious diseases.

It is (he says) to whitewashing that I attribute much of the good effects that have been observed to follow the purifying means generally employed.—Acid and other fumigations, except chlorine, only disguise, but do not destroy, the property of animal effluvia to produce disease; and the necessary ventilation must speedily carry off the chlorine. Whitewashing, on the other hand, although it has no specific action on the contagious effluvia, yet by constantly presenting a reflecting surface, prevents the absorption of the emanations by the walls, and thus tends, with moderate ventilation, to keep the air of apartments pure. Dirty dark-coloured walls would readily, as has been demonstrated, absorb noxious odours, and, as soon as the effect of the fumigation was over, gradually give them out again. Next, therefore, to keeping the walls of hospitals, prisons, or apartments occupied by a number of individuals, of a white colour, I would suggest that the bedsteads, tables, and seats, should be painted white, and that the dress of the nurses and attendants should be of a light colour. On the same principle, it would appear that physicians and others, by dressing in black, have unluckily chosen the colour most absorbent of odorous exhalations, and of course the most dangerous to themselves and patients.

NOTES OF A TOURIST IN GERMANY AND SWITZERLAND, IN AUTUMN 1834.

[We are indebted for this intelligent and entertaining sketch, to a friend, who has just returned from the travels of which it is descriptive.]

I SHALL commence by giving a short description of Geneva. The houses are four, five, six, and one or two even seven stories high; and in the old parts of the town the streets are narrow. The site is on a rising ground, and some of the streets are very steep. The people seem busily occupied, and waggons, cars, and carriages, rattle in every direction. The number of travellers is immense, and the hotels are proportionally large. The Hotel des Bergues, in which we lodged, has two hundred bedrooms, and looks out on the lake with a beautiful prospect. Geneva is increasing with astonishing rapidity, more like Edinburgh than any other city which I have seen. Large and very elegant new streets have been built within these four or five years, and many fine houses and shops are at this moment in the course of erection. It is the focus of Swiss civilisation, and abounds with enlightened and learned men. It publishes a cheap journal of useful knowledge, called "*Le Propagateur des Connaissances Utiles*," in French and German. The numbers appear monthly, and consist of thirty-two pages large octavo. The French edition extends to 10,000, and the German to 20,000 copies. The price is three francs per annum, forming a volume of 384 pages. I purchased the volume for 1833, and find that in point of matter it stands high. It contains short articles on subjects of practical utility, in which science is brought to the aid of the purposes of common life. For example, there is a description of the drum thrashing-mill, with an account of several which have been improved and manufactured by M. Rump, of the canton of Vaud, and which are sold at the price of from five to six hundred Swiss francs; a detailed notice of a project for lowering the level of the lakes of Neuchâtel and Morat, in order to drain a large tract of country which is overflowed in wet seasons, to the great loss of the inhabitants; a notice of the arrangement by which the Rhine is rendered a free river to all the states bordering on it; an account of the "code civile;" of the laws relative to bankruptcy; of the process of making vinegar; of the art of bleaching; of the diseases and treatment of fruit trees; of the density of the population of different countries, &c. In the last-mentioned article, emigration to the interior of France is recommended as preferable to America. I have seen the "*Pennig Magazin*" published in German in Leipzig, which circulates 60,000 copies, and have examined a volume. It is composed of such articles as the instructive ones of Chambers's Journal, added to the notices of cathedrals and objects of natural history, which compose the Penny Magazine of England. Indeed, a great number of the

articles and engravings are copied from the latter, and other English journals.

Geneva is interesting to Scotsmen, as being the fountain of their peculiar doctrines in religion. Twenty-four volumes of Calvin's sermons are preserved in one of the libraries in MS., but I cannot tell to what extent they are read. It is well known that the majority of the Genevese clergy have now become Unitarians. As the observance of the Sabbath has excited great attention in England of late, I have applied myself to observe what is done on the Continent on that day. In Geneva, I walked through the town at half past seven in the morning, and found the tradesmen at work with open doors and windows to the street; the smiths' fires were blazing, and hammers clanging, as if it had been a week-day; a good many shops of all sorts in the inferior streets were open; but in the chief streets, where the best shops are kept, almost all were shut. At eleven o'clock, all or nearly all were shut, but in the evening many were again open. It appeared to me that there was no prohibition against keeping them open, except during divine service; but that the majority, and almost all the great dealers, did not choose to buy and sell on that day. The steam-boat made a special excursion of pleasure, and in the evening I saw fireworks let off from a garden near the lake, and heard piano-fortes and music in the houses. In all the Protestant towns of Germany and Switzerland in which I have been on a Sunday, the practice was much the same as at Geneva. In the Catholic towns, the shops were open, the streets covered with stalls, and every thing going forward as on week-days, except during divine service. Germany and Switzerland are the countries which took the lead in the Reformation, and they are now making the Sunday a day dedicated to business and enjoyment, as well as to religion. I regretted much to see the workmen labouring on Sunday, as they need a day of rest; but so far as I could observe, their work was generally confined to the morning, and they had the evening for amusement. There could be little time, however, left to them for religious instruction. In Holland, no work is done ostensibly on Sundays; but having broken the glass of my watch on that day at Rotterdam, I asked if I could get it replaced, and was immediately taken to a watchmaker's shop, by a back entrance, where I found himself and three men in full employment, as on a week-day. As I could not speak Dutch, I was unable to ascertain whether he and his men were Jews; but I was told that it was common to work in retired places, so as not to offend against public decorum. In the Hôtel du Faucon at Berne, there was a copy of the New Testament in French in every bedroom, and the title page bore that it was printed "pour l'Hôtel du Faucon." In an inn at Schlingen, in Baden, we found at the foot of the bed, on the wall, a cross with an image of Christ, at full length, and beneath the dressing-glass a picture of the human heart encircled by a wreath of thorns, drops of blood falling from it, flames rising from the top, and above the flames a cross, all wreathed round by a belt of very delicately painted flowers. I heard the Testament praised and the cross blamed, but both proceeded from the same spirit, directed differently, according to the education of the people.

Several religious observances are apparently on the decline in the Catholic countries. A few new crucifixes are seen on the waysides; but at least nine-tenths of the whole which I have met with, date anterior to the French revolution, and many have been defaced and not repaired. It was the custom in Switzerland to inscribe a scriptural text on the gable of a house when it was built; but this is now generally omitted. In some remote glens in Catholic cantons I saw the practice continued on new houses, but only in such situations.

Switzerland in general, so far as I have seen, presents evident indications of improvement. New roads, bridges, and houses, are seen in progress, while begging is confined to children and idiots. There are insurance companies against damage by hail and fire, and on lives; the advantages of which seem to be understood, although not very generally. I read the report of the company for insurance against hail for 1832, and saw that upwards of 17,000 Swiss francs had been paid to several hundred sufferers, in sums varying from 2 francs to 650; only two sums amounted to 700, and the majority of payments were from 100 to 200 francs. The narrow valleys in the midst of high mountains suffered most; and this inequality may be an obstacle to the general success of the scheme, unless these places are charged at higher rates, which, from their general poverty, they could not easily pay.

We visited Hofwyl, and were kindly invited to take a déjeuner à la fourchette with Mr Fellenberg. This is vacation in his schools, and most of his pupils were absent on excursions with the tutors into different cantons of Switzerland. I had a good deal of conversation with him, and was much pleased with his ideas. He places the moral above the intellectual faculties in relative importance to the constitution of a good and happy character; and the basis of his system is to encourage and strengthen all the social and moral feelings, at the same time that he gives intellectual culture. He reckons labour to be as essential to the development of the mind as of the body, and provides ample means of exercise for the boys. He has a large farm attached to his institution, with a separate school for peasants, who, for their labour alone, are taught

* This delightful tale is from the Dublin Literary Gazette, a periodical now discontinued; to which it was contributed by that distinguished ornament of modern literature, Mrs S. C. Hall.

agriculture and the elements of a useful education. His ideas appear to be of a practical character, and all his establishment looks practical. There is no making up of things for show, but simplicity and the character of his country are stamped upon every thing. He corresponds still with the Lord Chancellor Brougham, and remarked that the Chancellor, by the structure of his own mind, looks more to the cultivation of the intellect, and less to that of the sentiments, than he (Mr Fellenberg) does in his system. He says that Switzerland is advancing in intelligence and prosperity, but that it is yet very far from adopting practically his ideas. At the same time, he regards it as very favourably situated for improvement. The absence of an aristocracy, of great manufacturing towns, and of the engrossing spirit of commerce, he considers advantageous; but the scattered localities of the population are an evil. He has not much intercourse with the people of Berne, six miles distant; and says, that, in general, he finds more pleasure in the conversation of enlightened strangers than in that of his neighbours. He supports the "Propagateur des Connaissances Utiles." He appears to be about sixty, and has a family. One of his sons went to Greece with Mr Edward Noel, a cousin of Lady Byron, to erect an establishment there similar to Hofwyl, but he died. His daughters are grown up, and, along with his wife, live in the establishment, but in a separate house. We were greatly pleased by their manners, intelligence, and kindness. After seeing all the schools, workshops, &c., I left Hofwyl with very pleasing impressions.

In coming from Berne to Baale, the object of greatest interest is a splendid new road through Hauenstein, part of the Jura mountains, nearly nine miles in length, lately executed by Mr Watt, grand-councillor of Berne. It opens up a beautiful district of hill and glen, and removes all difficulty and danger in entering Switzerland in this direction. It will give a preference to the route by Fribourg over every other.

In describing travelling in Baden and Switzerland, it is essential to mention that there are no turnpike dues to pay, and for particular bridges only the merest trifle, generally one penny sterling. The only exception is a charge of about one shilling and sixpence for the new road through Hauenstein, and this is regarded as extremely dear by the coachmen. I am above the mark when I say, that, in general, 6d. a-day covers all such expenses for a carriage and two horses. In the Highlands of Scotland, these items, on the same equipage, vary from five to ten shillings a-day. The inns are remarkably good—indeed, astonishingly so: we have invariably found the beds clean, the provisions plentiful, and the cookery excellent. In saying invariably, I mean to express the general fact; for on one or two occasions in small villages we have got a bad dinner, but never fared worse. The worst inns were always the dearest, not proportionally, but actually; and where English was spoken, the charges were frequently from 20 to 30 per cent. higher than where it was not; but from this rule we must make several honourable exceptions, particularly in Holland, at Cologne and Karlsruhe. I have heard some of the English complain of the familiarity of the innkeepers, and of their waiters and servants. In many places the landlord of the inn will come and talk to you as if he were an acquaintance, sit down at the table and tell you all about the interesting objects in his neighbourhood; and the waiter, while serving you, will turn coolly away to look out at the window to see what is passing on the street, or to talk to some friend of his own. This at first appears odd to an Englishman, but there are circumstances which explain it. The innkeepers in the country of Baden and Switzerland are generally also farmers; they possess some capital, and are persons of weight in their own neighbourhood, there being no resident gentry. They are intelligent, and by no means coarse in their manners. Mr Pfachler, innkeeper in Offenbourg, resided two years at a school in England, and is also a farmer and wine-merchant. From the absence of an aristocratic class, the social intercourse of individuals with each other is much more free and natural than in England; and in these familiarities there is not the slightest consciousness or intention of intrusion or impertinent curiosity. A kind feeling towards the stranger, and an interest in his welfare, are expressed, which are felt to be in so far genuine as not to be disagreeable. They never put questions to you concerning yourself or your intentions; and if you appeal to them for assistance or information, it is cordially afforded. The female servants are the most attentive, cheerful, tidy, good-natured creatures imaginable; and my wife, who is rather fastidious as to manners, remarked, that the daughters of the innkeepers who speak French, which most of them do, and with whom she frequently conversed, gave her the impression that they were really intellectually refined. Their manners, dress, and style of speaking, indicated education; and what was most remarkable, their style was not an artificial one, like that of a boarding-school breeding superinduced over a vulgar mind, but they showed the easy politeness of persons naturally amiable, and accustomed to practise good breeding every day. Our imperfect command of German may also have added to the interest which the innkeepers and servants took in us. We had enough to get on with in plain matters, with a good deal of blundering and some help from them, but not sufficient to talk fluently. This may have placed them more completely on a level with us, or rather given

them a feeling of momentary superiority, which, by dispelling fear, would leave their best feelings to act naturally; and wherever this is the case, the manners are always pleasing and the bearing polite. We discovered, that, when a sum is given in general for servants, neither the female servants nor "Boots" get any part of it; all goes to the waiters. Boots always appears and demands a gratuity, the females never. We always paid the chambermaid herself after knowing this rule, and were regarded as extremely kind. The waiters in general wear a large ugly gold ring on the forefinger of the right hand, which seems almost to be a badge of office.

In the steam-boats, and at the tables d'hôte, we were thrown very much into the society of the natives, and always met with civility and attention. The only bad habits which annoyed us were smoking and spitting, and the latter not confined entirely to the male sex. On board the steam-boat a very pretty delicate-looking German girl, elegantly dressed, committed this offence against good breeding, without the least consciousness of the disenchantment which it produced; but we hope this is not general. The German practice in travelling is to take a light breakfast at six, to dine at twelve or one, and to drink tea at five or six. The tables d'hôte are all arranged for this system, except in towns where English abound, and there a separate table d'hôte is held at five o'clock for them. Many English cannot endure the early hours, and eat in private. We soon became accustomed to them, and liked them extremely. By conforming to them, we increased our enjoyment, saw more of the people, and saved expense.

Strasbourg is famous for the height of its steeple. The Cathedral is really a fine object. It is very large, and richly ornamented. There is great lightness, grace, and beauty, in the Gothic architecture, and the spire is 450 English feet high. The view from it is very extensive, the country around being flat. A disgraceful practice is permitted, which degrades the edifice: Every man, woman, and child, who chooses to pay twopenny halfpenny a-letter, may have his, her, or its name cut in fair characters of an inch in length on the stones of the spire. Such a cheap passport to immortality is extensively purchased, and hundreds of the obscure names in Christendom claim an endurance as lasting as that of the solid tablet on which they are engraved. The keepers of the spire are extremely anxious to induce visitors to embrace this opportunity of gratifying their vanity, and only a positive mandate from the higher authorities could prevent the practice.

While I write, the sharp, short, and solid report of cannons charged with ball is sounding in my ears. It proceeds from the French artillery, who are practising at a league's distance from the town. They go out on two or three days in the week, and fire ball from five in the morning till nine. I have heard at least a hundred shots. Europe appears still too like a camp. At the Hague, Coblenz, Mayence, Frankfurt, Karlsruhe, and Strasbourg, great multitudes of soldiers are seen. Mayence has a garrison of 15,000 men, and Strasbourg is swarming with them. In the theatre we saw many of the French officers, fine-looking young men; and as we had lately seen Prussian, Austrian, Dutch, and Baden officers and soldiers, all young and active, in the full enjoyment of the blessings of existence, it was impossible to avoid the reflection, how profound is yet the ignorance and folly of mankind, which renders it not improbable that the very individuals among whom we passed in all quietness and peace, should ere long, at the command of their masters, rush on each other like infuriated beasts, and extinguish that life which they now seemed so fully to enjoy, and to call the act glory! Switzerland appears to have few soldiers in comparison with her neighbours, and I hope she may long do without them. She encourages her population to support the practice of ball-shooting, by offering premiums in different districts to be shot for on several successive days. Several shootings take place in August, and we saw great numbers of targets in the fields at which the men had been training for the prizes.

These warlike attitudes are obviously the consequence of the unfortunate, but apparently unavoidable, conflict of opinion which rages in the minds of so large a portion of the people of Europe. The regret for the threat or prospect of bloodshed, becomes the deeper and the more distressing, the more nearly one sees the nations who are most liable to be embroiled in war. All the parts of the Continent which I have visited are really, in every essential respect, one people. It is astonishing, yet pleasing, to observe, in Holland, Germany, Switzerland, France, and England, essentially the same dress, manners, and ideas, daily prevailing more and more. The costumes of the different nations, and all practices that separated them from one another, are actually confined to sequestered spots and the lower orders of the people. The middle and educated classes dress alike, act alike, and apparently, to a great extent, think alike; and the more extensively they are informed, and the more closely they know each other, the nearer is their approximation.

The German students, or Burschen, are conspicuous objects in the towns which contain universities. We saw those of Heidelberg, Freybourg in Breisgau, and Bonn; the first looked best to the eye, and the last the worst. On inquiry, I learned from one of themselves that the practices of smoking, beer-drinking,

and duel-fighting, proceed with their wonted vigour. None of these habits, however, are carried to such a deplorable length as has been represented in some English publications. Smoking is the luxury apparently of the male sex of all ranks in Germany, and ought not to be charged as a vice against the students in particular. Their beer potations take place chiefly on particular days, just as the young men at our Scottish universities occasionally hold dinners and suppers for the sake of conviviality. I have not seen any of the students drunk, but have been disturbed by their singing in chorus on the streets at eleven or twelve at night. Their duels are their worst habit; but these are very rarely serious in their consequences. The combatants are clothed in thick leather, all but the face; they stand at full arm's-length's distance, and the whole evolutions must be performed by motions of the hand and wrist, it being unfair to use the arm in cutting. The duel is sometimes confined to so many rounds, at the end of which honour is safe, although no blood be drawn; sometimes the agreement is, that it shall continue till one party is wounded, and then it stops on the slightest scratch being given or received; and very rarely the combat lasts till both parties are tired of fighting.

We saw a student leaving the Bonn, either finally, or at least for the season. He was attended to the steam-boat by about thirty of his companions, who, as the boat put off from the pier, commenced singing a valedictory chorus, which was continued, with waving caps, as long as the sound could reach the vessel. It was returned by the waving cap and arm of the departing youth. The scene was interesting, as bespeaking an affectionate or at least an imaginative people.

There is an excellent caricature, called the "Burschen, or Student's Return." A plain respectable and rich peasant or farmer has sent his son, the hope of the family, to the university, and the picture seizes the moment of his return. The son has just entered with "empressment" into the snug parlour occupied by his father and mother. The mother starts back, and nearly upsets her chair, with astonishment and chagrin; the father's countenance expresses silent despair; a child, who had been riding on a wooden horse, is so terrified at the apparition that he has fairly tumbled back, heels over head, and lies screaming on the floor, with the horse above him; while the family dog, entering at the student's side, looks at him with an eye which bespeaks an obscure impression that this is his young master, yet so altered, that he hesitates to give vent to his fondness and affection. The appearance of the hero corresponds with the effect he has produced. He went away a fine domestic boy; he returns with the "farouche" air of a would-be soldier. His cheek shows deep scars of the sword; an enormous tobacco-pipe, elaborate in its ornaments and appendages, is seen in his hand; and at his side his drinking flask. Altogether his figure tells most eloquently the tale of the burschen's habits; and the consternation of the child, the dismay of the parents, and the uncertainty of the dog, appear in the highest degree natural and interesting.

The pleasures of travelling in a fine country having good roads and excellent inns are certainly great, but occasionally there are annoyances which serve to remind us that we are not yet in a perfect world. I shall recount one, which may serve as a specimen of the rest. Kehl is a small village in Baden, at one end of the bridge over the Rhine which leads to Strasbourg, being at a little distance westward. The steam-boat going down the Rhine to Mayence started from Kehl at four o'clock in the morning, and we came to the inn there to sleep. Being considerably fatigued, and under the necessity of rising by half-past two, we went to bed early, say at half-past eight. The following incidents occurred:—From eight to nine o'clock, a lady in the next room played on the piano-forte, and a gentleman accompanied her on the flute. From nine to ten, the gentleman amused himself by practising on the bugle in his own room, throwing open the window, and enjoying the beautiful moonlight. Ten to eleven, the garrison of Kehl beat the tattoo with a score of drums very near our hotel, changed the guards, and set their watches. Being next to France, and at the Strasbourg bridge, this was a long and loud operation. As their din subsided, the loud talking of some toping travellers filled up the chorus. From eleven to one, a vivid thunder-storm raged, with a high wind and a great deal of rain. At half-past one, fell asleep. At half-past two, called to rise and dress, to be ready for the steam-boat. I may add another:—At nine P. M., arrived at Nymegen, after sailing from six in the morning. Desired to be back to the steam-boat punctually at four in the morning, to set out for Rotterdam. Half-past nine, lodged in a good inn, but find that it is the King of Holland's birthday, and on going into our bedroom, discover that it fronts the street. The people are very loyal, and we find illuminations, music, crowds cheering on the street, &c. &c. Half-past ten, we have fallen asleep through pure fatigue, but are awakened by a band of music striking up in the room below us. It is a great supper held in honour of the day. The music swells its notes, the guests make speeches, and a set of Englishmen who are present show them how to do the honours, by giving three times three cheers to each toast. At half-past eleven, fall asleep again in the midst of all the uproar. After a short slumber awake with a start, and listen for a little, when the

great town clock is heard to play a tune, and then strike two. Believing this to be two o'clock, after a short interval rose and proceeded to dress. After half an hour, heard the same clock repeat the same tune, and then strike two again. Quite bewildered; the watch called an hour, but, being Dutch, not intelligible, and could not trust to my own watch; notwithstanding that it goes well, the clocks in different towns vary so much as to render it almost useless as a guide. Proceeded in dressing, and in another half hour heard the clock again play a tune, and strike three. Discovered now that it strikes the hour at the half and also at the whole hour, and that the real time was half-past two. Three A.M., fully dressed and all ready, in consequence of the strange proceedings of the clock; go down stairs, find all dark, and the house clock only three. Wait for an hour; go on board at four, and set off in a cold damp morning very tired, and fall asleep in the cabin.

The Dowager Duchess of Saxe Meiningen, the Queen of England's mother, came down the Rhine in the steam-boat with us. She had a small suite, and was so unostentatious, and altogether looked so like a good old lady, that half the voyage was performed before it was known how much we were honoured. She walked back at four in the morning, came up and sat on deck after the day grew warm, without the least pretension. On arriving at Rotterdam, she found all the inns full, and quietly walked into the travellers' room, where I saw her sitting, among the other passengers, till her carriage was got ready to carry her to the Hague. The Queen of Bavaria descended the Rhine three days before; but she hired the best boat for her own party, and, in consequence, caused great inconvenience to the public, and the crowding to excess of all the inns. The old Duchess of Saxe Meiningen was far more amiable; she incommoded nobody; she had the best wishes of all her fellow-travellers, and their sincere respect.

We remarked that, in all our travelling, we never heard one word of political discussion or conversation either at the *tables d'hôte*, or in the steam-boats on the Rhine. The political world appeared as if it did not exist. I infer from this that either the long *espionage* under the French dominion has left its terrors still lingering in the minds of the people, or that the different governments continue to be watchful of spoken as well as printed opinions.

The Prussians have corps of swimmers in their army, whose duty it is to be in boats below the ford or bridge when the soldiers are crossing a formidable river, and to throw themselves into the water, and assist any one who is carried away. They are exercised in swimming, and their officers accompany them in the water. I regretted that I missed by one day seeing them practising in the Rhine at Cologne. A friend told me that he saw something like the bladders of a huge net, of the shape of a wedge, floating on the river, and while he gazed, it changed its form into a square, and again into a line, with surprising rapidity and regularity. A nearer approach showed that the objects were men's heads, and he was told that it was soldiers exercising. He repaired to the bridge, and saw them go through various evolutions at the word of command. They descended through below the bridge, and made the shore opposite their barracks. They were of course undressed, and he estimated their numbers at three hundred. The Rhine runs apparently at the rate of three or four miles an hour at that place. Napoleon, it is said, introduced the practice. Boats accompanied the men in their evolutions, to give them confidence, and guard against accidents.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

The plumage of the mocking-bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it, and, had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his figure is well proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genus. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals; in force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted on the top of a tall bush or half-grown tree, in the dawn of a dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to his music alone, to which that of all others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative: his own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various song-birds, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at the most five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardour for half an hour or an hour at a time. His expanded wings and tail, glistening with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action, arresting the eye as his song most irre-

sistibly does the ear, he sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy—he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away—and, as my friend Mr Bartram has beautifully expressed it, “he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain.” While thus exerting himself, a person destitute of sight would suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect—so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds, that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates: even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by his admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates, or dive with precipitation into the depth of thickets at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk. The mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog—Caesar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master; he squeaks out like a hurt chicken—and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristling feathers, clucking to protect its injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully: he runs over the quivering of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale, or red bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.—*Wilson's Ornithology.*

JUVENILE GARDENING.

ABOUT two years ago, Mr Smith, a benevolent gentleman residing at the market town of Southan, in the county of Warwick, divided an acre of ground between twelve boys selected from the National School of that place. Their ages ran from 12 to 16 or more; the spot selected for experiment formed an irregular square; the plots varied as to width or size, but each ran from the top to the bottom of the field; the rent demanded (not of course as a tax but a stimulant) was in some cases 6d., and in others only 1d. per month; and that there might be nothing in the shape of effect or display, Mr Smith made no previous inquiry as to the dispositions or talents of his juvenile tenants. At the commencement of an undertaking every way so interesting, the difficulty lay on the side of procuring tenants; but now that his views are known and appreciated, in place of a dozen, he could at any time obtain from forty to fifty, all eager to profit by the example of their schoolfellows, and the instructions of so kind and considerate a landlord. Originally the plots and rents were made to quadruple as nearly as possible; but experience has shown the advantage of change, and the inexpediency of perfect uniformity. During the present summer, the tenants had increased to fifteen, and next year it is intended to part with two of the bigger boys, and divide their land into three “takes.” To such as may feel inclined to adopt the same philanthropic plan, one or two hints may be useful or necessary. First, it should be recollected that the work is progressive; second, that desire or taste must be created in the boys to raise, and in their parents to appreciate, useful garden vegetables, before the market is overstocked; and thirdly, as essential to these results, that the supply of land must be kept under the demand.

Mr Smith superintends every thing himself, and enacts very few rules. No boy is permitted to trespass on the property of his neighbour: working on Sundays is strictly prohibited; rent-time is fixed at eight o'clock on the first Monday of every month; punctual attendance is requested and given; the landlord meets his tenants in the kitchen, and transacts business with them according to the number of their plots, after which each receives a small cup of beer; no rent is taken during the three winter months; and when the season closes, the benevolent masterman sups with his interesting foster-family, and makes each and all as happy as the rules of temperance and frugality will permit. On these occasions the conversation is turned on gardening; and however easy the colloquy may be, it is in every instance made the vehicle of instruction.

The boys are expected to raise useful garden vegetables, such as peas, beans, onions, carrots, leeks, rhubarb, cabbages, &c. Potatoes to any extent are discouraged, while wheat or any other grain is forbidden. During the present season, Mr Smith's juvenile horticulturists had better crops than any other person in the town of Southan; and as to variety, the like, it

is believed, was never witnessed on the same space of ground since gardening began. Besides supplying their parents with vegetables, the boys sell a portion, and earn in this way, according to the season, from 4d. to 8d. per day. Some of their parents are so considerate as to pay for what they take; and after discharging the monthly rent, the balance is carefully husbanded till Christmas, when it is expended in clothing, shoes, &c.

Mr Smith's object, as will be at once perceived, is to train youth to habits of industry; and so completely has he succeeded, that boys, previously idle, immediately find employers from the simple circumstance that they have been a few days or weeks under his tuition. During the present summer, the whole have been in regular employment, while individuals, not a few grown to man's estate, have been lounging about in a state of idleness. Occupancy of a spot of earth, however small, the pleasure it yields, and the profit it produces, not only inspire new notions, but render the tenants more trustworthy, and in the opinion of the public furnish a guarantee which is preferred to those general certificates, which are too readily furnished to be of much value. No particular plan of cropping is strictly insisted on; and beyond a few general hints, every thing is left to the judgment of the little fellows themselves. Of their own accord they make small beds of compost; burn roots, sticks, and rubbish; pick up stray droppings wherever they can find them; and by the exercise of this species of industry, turn to excellent account what would otherwise become a nuisance. After a fair-day, it is quite exhilarating to see them bustling about with their little barrows, and clearing all the lanes and streets in the neighbourhood. If the boys, so long as they behave themselves, ever lose their little lots, it is only to make way for younger brothers; and the owner, founding on this implied feeling of security, has no fear that they will ever do any thing to injure the land. Distributing prizes was tried, but afterwards abandoned; for where all did their best, it was found injurious to make any marked distinctions; and Mr Smith thinks it better to give presents of the finer kinds of seeds, and garden tools. But here his intentions are frequently anticipated; and it is astonishing with what facility the beardless horticulturists manage to provide by honourable means whatever they are in want of. Next year it is intended to encourage the cultivation of medical herbs, roses, and camomile flowers, with the view of affording employment in picking the latter.

Once a year a holiday is proclaimed, and the gardens inspected; and then the parents are exceedingly anxious to assist their children in making every thing look trim, tidy, and clean. But this is prohibited, for the obvious purpose of teaching them to rely exclusively on their own resources. When the boys are at work, no strangers are permitted to enter the gardens, excepting their younger brothers or sisters, and their benevolent teacher has much pleasure in looking over the hedge of his own garden, and through some leafy screen noting their proceedings.

Mr Smith, like all genuine philanthropists, is exceedingly anxious that the example he has set should be followed by others. To the country there would be a great gain in industry, and to proprietors very little loss of rent. The garden ground at Southan could not possibly bring more than L.6 per acre; and the boys among them actually pay at the rate of L.5, 8s. A rough plan of the garden at Southan follows, for which we are indebted to Mr Stuart Menzies, younger of Closeburn:—

The gardens of two boys at Southan, in Warwickshire, cultivated under the direction of Mr Smith, of that place.

I.

TWO FEET OF FLOWERS ALONG THE TOP.
ONE ROW OF ONIONS FOR SEEDS.
LETTUCE | MUSTARD | CRESS | TURNIP
FOR SEED. | FOR SEED. | FOR SEED. | FOR SEED.
EIGHT YARDS OF CABBAGES.
EIGHT ROWS OF PEAS—SHORT STICKS.
SIX ROWS OF BROAD BEANS.
FOUR FEET OF ONIONS.
ONE ROW OF DITTO FOR SEED.
TWO ROWS OF CABBAGES.
EIGHT ROWS OF PEAS.
TEN ROWS OF BEANS.
TEN ROWS OF WINTER CABBAGES, ALTERNATELY
ONE ROW OF RED PICKLERS.
ONIONS | CARROTS | TURNIPS
FOUR FEET WIDE. | DO. | DO.
THREE ROWS OF KIDNEY BEANS.
ONE ROW OF CABBAGES.
THERE ARE 70 GOOSEBERRY BUSHES ROUND THIS
PLOT—STRAWBERRIES, &c.

* This gentleman has published in the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, a plan for connecting a garden with every parish-school, that the pupils may employ themselves upon it, at once as an agreeable recreation, and as a piece of training highly necessary for the most of our rustic population.

II.

TWO FEET OF FLOWERS ALONG THE TOP.

ONE ROW OF BROAD BEANS.

SEVEN FEET OF CARROTS.

FOUR FEET ONIONS.

ONION SEED. | CARROTS. | ONIONS. | LETTUCES.

FIVE ROWS OF LETTUCES.

SIX ROWS OF CABBAGES.

FIVE ROWS OF PEAS.

ONE ROW OF ONIONS.

FOUR FEET OF ONIONS.

FOUR ROWS OF PEAS.

FOUR ROWS OF CABBAGES.

FOUR FEET OF TURNIPS.

FIVE ROWS OF POTATOES.

CABBAGE | LETTUCE | ONIONS. | WINTER
PLANTS SEED. | SEED. | GREENS.

THREE ROWS OF KIDNEY BEANS.

FIVE ROWS OF BROAD BEANS.

FIVE ROWS OF CABBAGES.

TURNIPS. | ONIONS.

SIX ROWS POTATOES.

FOUR ROWS CABBAGES.

FOUR FRUIT TREES, GOOSEBERRIES, &c.

—Dumfries Courier.

THE MUSSULMAUNS OF INDIA.

THE Mussulmauns' creed, of the Sheah sect, is as follows:—"I believe in one God, supreme over all, and him alone do I worship. I believe that Mahumud was the creature of God, the Creator; I believe that Mahumud was the messenger of God (the Lord of messengers), and that he was the last of the prophets. I believe that Ali was the chief of the faithful, the head of all the inheritors of the law, and the true leader appointed of God; consequently to be obeyed by the faithful. Also, I believe that Hasan and Hosein, the sons of Ali, and Ali son of Hosein, and Mahumud son of Ali, and Jaufur son of Mahumud, and Moosa son of Jaufur, and Ali son of Moosa, and Mahumud son of Ali, and Ali son of Mahumud, and Hasan son of Ali, and Mhidhie (the standing proof) son of Hasan—the mercy of God be upon them!—these were the true leaders of the faithful; and the proof of God was conveyed by them to the people." This creed is taught to the children of both sexes of Mussulmaun families as soon as they are able to talk, and, from the daily repetition, is perfectly familiar to them at an early age.

The pellet-bow is in daily use to frighten away the crows from the vicinity of man's abode; the pellets are made of clay baked in the sun; and although they do not wound, they bruise most desperately. Were it not for this means of annoying these winged pests, they would prove a perfect nuisance to the inhabitants, particularly within the confines of a zeeahnah, where these impudent birds assemble at cooking-time, to the great annoyance of the cooks, watching their opportunity to pounce upon any thing they incautiously leave uncovered.

The crows are so daring that they will enter the yard where any of the children may be taking their meals (which they often do in preference to eating them under the confinement of the hall), and frequently seize the bread from the hands of the children, unless narrowly watched by the servants, or deterred by the pellet-bow; and at the season of building their nests, these birds will plunder from the habitations of man, whatever may be met with likely to make a soft lining for their nests; often, I am told, carrying off the skull-cap from the children's heads, and the women's pieces of calico or muslin from their laps when seated in the open air at work.

An idea has crept into the minds of some that whoever offers up to God, at different periods of his life, such animals as are deemed clean and fitting for sacrifice, the same number and kind, on their day of passing Sirat, shall be in readiness to assist them on the passage over. On this supposition is grounded the object of princes and nobles in India offering camels in sacrifice on the day of Buckrah Eade. This event answers to our Scripture accounts of Abraham's offering; but the Mussulmauns say, the son of Abraham so offered was Ishmael, and not Isaac. I have disputed the point with some of the learned men, and brought them to search through their authorities. In some one or two there is a doubt as to which was the son offered, but the general writers, and most of the Mussulmauns themselves, believe Ishmael was the offering made by Abraham, "the scales are true;" the Mussulmauns believe that on the day of judgment, the good and the bad deeds of every mortal will be submitted to the scales prepared in heaven for that purpose. "Looking into the book is true;" the Mussulmauns believe that every human being from the birth is attended by two angels; one resting on the right shoulder, the other on the left, continually. Their business is to register every action of the individual they attend; when a good action is to be recorded, they beseech the Almighty in his mercy to keep the person in the good and perfect way. When evil ways are to be registered, they mourn with intercession to God, that his mercy may be extended, by granting them repentant hearts, and then his for-

giveness. Thus they explain, "Looking into the book is true," that whatever is contained in this book will be looked into on the day of judgment, and by their deeds therein registered shall they be judged. —Mrs Meer Hassan Ali.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.*

[BY THOMAS AIRD.]

O rise and sit in soft attire—
Wait but to know my soul's desire!
I'd call thee back to days of strife,
To wrap my soul around thy life!
Ask thou this heart for monument,
And mine shall be a large content.

A crown of brightest stars to thee!
How did thy spirit wait for me,
And nurse thy waning light, in faith
That I would stand 'twixt thee and death,
Then tarry on thy bowing shore,
Till I have ask'd thy sorrows o'er.

I came not—and I cry to save
Thy life from out th' oblivious grave,
One day;—that I may well declare,
How I have thought of all thy care,
And love thee more than I have done;
And make thy day with gladness run.

I'd tell thee where my youth hath been;
Of perils past—of glories seen:
I'd speak of all my youth hath done—
And ask of things, to choose and shun;
And smile at all thy needless fears,
But bow before thy solemn tears.

Come, walk with me, and see fair earth,
The ways of men, and join their mirth!
Sleep on—for mirth is now a jest;
Nor dare I call thee from thy rest;
Well hast thou done thy worldly task,
Thy mouth hath nought of me to ask!

Men wonder till I pass away—
They think not but of useless clay:
Alas! for age, this memory!
But I have other thoughts of thee;
And I would wade thy dusty grave,
To kiss the head I cannot save.

O life, and power! that I might see
Thy visage swelling to be free!
Come near, O burst that earthly cloud,
And meet my visage lowly bow'd.
Alas!—in corded stiffness pent,
Darkly I guess thy lineament.

I might have lived, and thou on earth,
And been to thee like strangers birth—
Thou feeble thing of old! but gone,
I feel as in the world alone.
The wind that lifts the streaming tree—
The skies seem cold, and new to me.

I feel a hand untwist the chain,
Of mother's love, with strange cold pain
From round my heart: This bosom's bare,
And less than wanted life is there.
O, well may flow these tears of strife,
O'er broken fountains of my life!—

Because my life of thee was part,
And deck'd with blood-drops of thy heart:
I was the channel of thy love,
Where more than half thy soul did move!—
How strange, yet just o'er me thy claim,
Thou aged head! my life and name.

Because I know there is not one
To think of me, as thou hast done
From morn, till starlight, year by year!—
From me thy smile repaid thy tear;
And fears for me—and no reproof,
When once I dared to stand aloof.

My punishment—that I was far
When God unloosed thy weary star:
My name was in thy faintest breath,
And I was in thy dream of death:
And well I know what raised thy head,
When came the mourner's muffled tread.

Alas! I cannot tell thee now,
I could not come to bind thy brow:
And wealth is late, nor aught I've won,
Were worth to hear thee call thy son,
In that dark hour when bands remove,
And none are named but names of love.

Alas, for me! that hour is old,
My hands, for this, shall miss their hold:
For thee—no spring, nor silver rain
Unbutton thy dark grave again.
No sparrow on the sunny thatch
Shall chirp for thee her lonely watch.

Yet, sweet thy rest from mortal strife,
And eul carers that spann'd thy life!
Turn to thy God—and blame thy son—
To give thee more than I have done.
Thou God, with joy beyond all years,
Fill high the channels of her tears.

Thou carest not now for soft attire,
Yet wilt thou hear my last desire;
For earth I dare not call thee more;
But speak from off thy awful shore—
O ask this heart for monument,
And mine shall be a large content.

* As we chance to copy this beautiful poem from a collection, we are unable to quote the work in which it first appeared. The author is a native of Roxburghshire, and has already published several poetical volumes of much merit. He has also contributed many admired articles to Blackwood's Magazine.

EGGS OF BIRDS.

[From Bushnan's Introduction to the Study of Nature, 1834.]

Eggs are composed of two principal parts, termed, from their colour, the yolk or vitellus, and the white or albumen. The latter does not exist in the ovarium or egg-bag; there, as we may see in almost every fowl that comes to table, is also a numerous collection of yolks of various sizes. When these are fully developed, they drop, one by one, through a passage termed the oviduct into the uterus, in which the egg is perfectly formed, having collected its albumen or white, and its calcareous shell, and from which it is ultimately expelled. The very expeditious growth or production of the white of the shell is indeed an extraordinary exertion of nature—a very few hours only being sufficient to produce them. The texture of the shell is admirably calculated for preserving the contained parts, and for retaining the heat that is conveyed to them by incubation. Immediately under the shell is the common membrane which lines the whole cavity of the egg, except at its broad end, where there is a small space filled with air. Within this membrane, the white, which is said to be of two kinds, is contained; and near its centre, in an exquisitely fine membrane, is the yolk, which is spherical, while the white is of the same form as the shell. At each extremity of the yolk, corresponding with the two ends of the egg, is the chalaza, a white firm body consisting of three bead-like globules, and it is at these points that the several membranes are connected, by which means, in whatever position the egg may be placed, its various parts are retained in their proper place. Near the middle of the yolk is a small flat circular body, named the cicatrula, in which the rudiments of the future chick are contained; and from these, in consequence of incubation, or of a certain degree of continued heat of any kind, the bird is ultimately hatched. In this process, the germinal membrane, as it is called, or rudimental parts of the chick, is observed to become separated into three layers, from the external of which are formed subsequently the osseous and muscular systems, and the brain, spinal cord and nerves; while, from the middle and internal layers, are formed respectively the heart and blood-vessels, and the intestinal canal and its appendages. The yolk and white of the egg gradually become thinner, supplying the growing chick with nourishment, which, increasing in magnitude, at length bursts its cell and comes forth, still retaining in its intestines a portion of the yolk to serve for its support, until its powers are sufficiently vigorous to enable it to digest extraneous food.

It is a remarkable fact, that those birds, the nests of which are most uncovered, and the eggs of which are most exposed to the sight of their enemies, lay them of a colour as little different as possible from surrounding objects, so as to deceive the eyes of destructive animals; whilst, on the contrary, those birds, the eggs of which are of a deep and vivid colour, and consequently very liable to strike the eye, either hide their nests in hollow trees, or elsewhere, or do not quit their eggs except at night, or commence their incubation immediately after laying. It must, moreover, be remarked, that in those species, the nests of which are exposed, if the females alone sit on the eggs, without being relieved by the male, these females have generally a different colour from that of the male, and more in unison with neighbouring objects.

Pure white, the most treacherous of colours, we find to be the colour of the eggs of birds which build in holes, as the woodpeckers, the kingfishers, the swifts, the dock and water swallows, and others; also of those birds, as the titmice and wrens, which construct their nests with openings so small that their enemies cannot see into them. Moreover, we find eggs white in birds which do not quit their nests, except at night, as the owls; or for a very short time during the day, as the falcons. Finally, this colour is found in those which lay only one or two eggs, and which immediately begin to sit, as the pigeons, &c.

The clear green or blue colour is proper to the eggs of many species which build in holes, as the starlings, the fly-catchers, &c.; it is also common to the eggs of birds, the nests of which are constructed of green moss, or situated in the midst of grass, but always well hidden. Green eggs, too, are found with many powerful birds able to defend them, as the herons.

A faint green colour, approaching to a yellowish tint, is observed in the eggs of birds, as the partridges and pheasants, which lay in the grass, without preparing a regular nest. The same colour is remarked in those which cover their nests when they leave them, as the swans and the ducks.*

* Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Science.

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